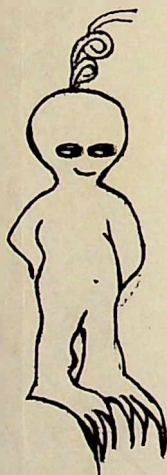
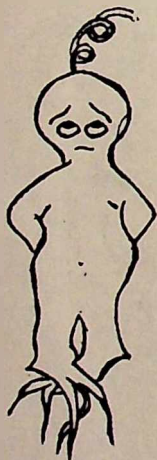


THE MAD DAN REVIEW

SPECIAL NO-DITMAR AWARD WINNING ISSUE



NUMBER SIX



ON THE
OTHER HAND ---
WHY NOT ---?



THE IL D DA REVIEW

VOLUME ONE NUMBER SIX

OCTOBER 1976

Editor Marc A Ortlieb

Available for a letter, a poem, a stamp, a zine, a drawing, or a naugty in the bushes. (Funny no one's taken me up on that yet. Correspondence as follows

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Art Front Cover Shayne McCormack
Cartoon Rob Lock
Back Cover Sheryl Birkhead and Jonathan Ortlieb

ASIMOV'S STOLEN HISTORIES

A BRIEF LOOK AT SOME OF THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF
ASIMOV'S FOUNDATION TRILOGY.

Isaac Asimov is truly a man out of his time. By rights, he should have lived during the Renaissance when it was possible for a man to have a detailed understanding in all fields of knowledge. Unfortunately, in these times, the knowledge explosion makes such achievement impossible. Indeed, Asimov, had he been so inclined, could have spent a whole lifetime stuck in one corner of his speciality of biochemistry.

He chose not to do so and has, in his writing career, produced vast numbers of books on topics ranging from his own adopted field of biochemistry through the somewhat more nebulous field that includes sex guides and Biblical studies to commentaries on Shakespeare. Naturally this vast span of interest also includes history and Asimov has proved himself a keen student in the field of ancient history. My personal opinion is that Asimov's reasons are more mercenary than purely academic. He studies history in order to pick up ideas which he can use in his fiction. (Unfortunately, this has been rather infrequent of late.)

Asimov himself, in his lighter moments, has admitted his crime. Take for example the following quotation from his poem THE FOUNDATION OF SPACETESS.

"So success is not a mystery, just brush up on your history,
and borrow day by day.

Take an Empire that was Roman, and you'll find it is at
home in all the starry Milky Way."

(LITTLE IS ROOM ENOUGH page 51)

Let us then take a look at Mr. Asimov's cribbing and find out where some of the bits and pieces come from.

The natural starting point for our investigation is, as mentioned above, the Roman Empire. Anyone wanting to write about an Empire falling to bits cannot help but be drawn to this classic (sorry) example.

In Asimov's future histories we learn little about the origin of the Galactic Empire. There is no hint of it in THE START OF IT MUST and by the time of THE COLUMBUS OF SPACE

the Empire is well established. The galaxy has been colonised by human beings from the planet Earth but by the time the Empire has come into existence, this fact has been forgotten. This is normally made obvious in each of the post Empire books. In Foundation we see it in the discussion between Lord Dorwin and Salvor Hardin on page fifty two. There is a parallel here with the Roman Empire. The Romans were basically a mixture of Italic and Etruscan stock but no one is quite sure where the Etruscans came from.

Asimov takes his Galactic Empire at the height of its expansion and introduces into it a psycho-historian, Hari Seldon, who foresees the fall of the Empire and who attempts to minimise the effects of the fall by setting up two Foundations at opposite ends of the Galaxy. One of the Foundations is to concentrate on physical science and is deprived of psychologists. The other is to concentrate on psychology and on the refinement of Seldon's Plan. If you haven't read the trilogy, stop reading this article NOW!!! I am about to disclose certain facts which form part of Asimov's surprise ending. Go away and read the trilogy. You may return when you've finished.

Okay. We should have no one here who hasn't yet finished the trilogy. Right. Good. Now Asimov has a fair bit of fun with the double triple and quadruple meanings of the opposite ends of the Galaxy but we eventually wade through the literal and metaphorical meanings to find that, while the First Foundation was placed right out in the Periphery of the Empire, the Second Foundation is on the capital planet of the Galaxy, Trantor. This all fits in quite nicely with real history if we fudge things a little.

The First Foundation is supposed to act as the nucleus for the next Galactic Empire. Now, as our Europe orientated history books all point out, the next really major Empire following the fall of Rome was the British Empire. Q. Where is Britain located? A. Right on the periphery of the Roman Empire. Q. How did Britain conquer its Empire? A. By technological supremacy. Q. Don't you just love these rhetorical questions? A. No.

If we put forward the premise that Britain was Asimov's model for Terminus, what evidence can we find? Well, there were the monks of Saint Augustine who were sent from Rome to bring religion to the British. Then there is the way Britain was isolated from Rome before the fall in the same way as Terminus was isolated from Trantor. We also have the Norse being quietened down by Christianity in the same way as Salvor Hardin uses religion to quieten the Four Kingdoms. Britain became a trading power before it gained its Empire. Britain almost had its Empire stifled by a wild talent by the name of Napoleon. As is evident, there is easily enough data here to support the main idea.

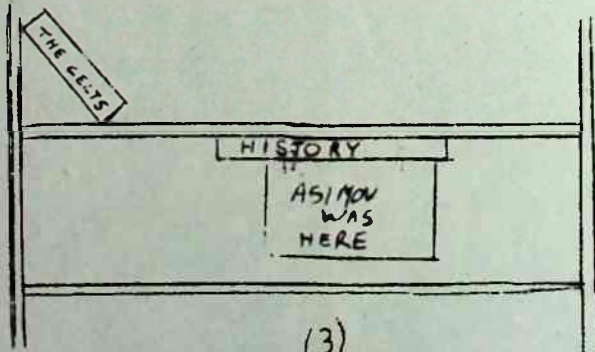
What then of the Second Foundation? Well, think of a vast institution situated in the centre of the ex-capital of an ancient Empire. Think of certain master psychologists who rule millions of people by the power of suggestion alone. If you're thinking along the same lines as I am, you've just named the Roman Catholic Church. Isn't this game fun? Of course, this leads us to a direct parallel between Hari Seldon and Christ. Christ set up the basic rules for the Christian Church, the Vatican acted as the guardian of those rules and as the interpreter when new situations arose. Christ spoke directly to his people, the Vatican developed its own language. When considered in this light, Seldon's timed appearances on Terminus are most Christlike especially considering the fact that in the post-fall Galaxy technology equals religion.

Asimov seldom does things by halves so Seldon also has many aspects of a Moses figure. He gives his people the rules and leads them to the promised land though he doesn't get there himself.

Thus it can be seen that much of Asimov's cribbing fits the post Roman world. In this model, the Mule and Kalgan are taken from Napoleon and Paris. Consider the similarities. The Mule went from a physically unusual unknown to ruler of an Empire. His capital was Kalgan, a onetime pleasure city which was not his home. Similarly, Napoleon, a Corsican, became ruler of a huge Empire centred in Paris. Napoleon was physically small. He did not however suffer from the infertility that the Mule did.

One can draw easy parallels between Rober Hallow's traders and the English traders of Elizabethan times. There is even a similar decline when the independent traders were replaced by the big business houses.

Asimov has fun when he steals. Thus mixed in with the Mule/ Napoleon episode is the American revolution. In this case, the mutinous colonies go under the name of the Independent Traders, and George the third has become Mayor Indbur III. Needless to say, when Asimov plays with history, the course of history does not run true. The fledgling colonies are invaded by the Mule. However, once the Mule has been disposed of, and things get back to normal, the Independents do have the healthy effect on the Foundation that the American colonies had on England.



Naturally, one of the problems involved with drawing this kind of parallel is that Asimov is writing a novel, not a history book. Thus the rule comes before the expulsion of the Second Foundation whereas in "real" history, the Napoleonic Wars came after Henry VIII had expelled the Roman Catholic Church from England. The fun really starts when Asimov throws in other historical stories which are totally out of sequence. An example is the story of Bel Riose.

This story almost directly parallels the story of one General Belisarius of the Byzantine Empire. Indeed, Asimov, in his inimitable fashion has written a book about the Byzantine Empire and the way he treats the story in both books is almost exactly the same. We see the theme of the strong Emperor (Justinian) and the strong general played out with the Emperor controlling the general by providing him with insufficient reinforcements. Even Prodrig, the Emperor's advisor has a direct historical counterpart in Perses, the advisor to Justinian. The picture of Prodrig in Foundation and Empire is nowhere near as pleasant and respectable as Perses was but Asimov has little cause to worry about a libel suit.

One final thing to be examined is the old Ortlieb favourite allegory. Hari Seldon's plan and the Second Foundation can be related to Asimov the writer and the development of the plot. Any story consists of a beginning and an infinite number of possible directions. It is the author's job to nudge the plot in the most productive directions. This is what the Seldon plan does. The Second Foundationers follow the plot and watch all the possible branchings. They are there to minimise the effect of the unexpected on the smooth running of things. You could almost see the Second Foundation as the conscious mind controlling the wild creativity of the subconscious and channelling it into productive pathways.

But enough is enough. I've had fun parallel hunting. I won't spoil the fun for the rest of you by hogging the action. Besides which, I've been doing exactly the sort of thing I made fun of in my Lyndham article. Joan Dick said in a letter something to the effect that a good story should just be left as a good story but I can't help it. You know how it is. Those who can write write. Those who can't write pull other people's writing to bits.

But it's hellish fun!!!

 Books Used

Asimov, Isaac	CONSTANTINOPLE (1970, Doubton, Dofflin)
"	" THE GUARD OF SPACE (1967, Panther)
"	" FOUNDATION (1967, Panther.)
"	" FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE (1967 Panther)
"	" SECOND FOUNDATION (1967 Panther)
"	" PEBBLE IN THE SKY (1958 Corgi)
"	" THE STARS ARE DUST (1968 Panther)

Blum, Jerome et al THE EMERGENCE OF THE EUROPEAN WORLD. (1967
 Routledge & Kegan Paul)

%%%%%%%%%%%
 % A SHEPHERD IS AN ABOMINATION %
 % %
 %%%%%%%%%%%

An appraisal of One's Vocation

John J. Alderson

Considering that despite the most careful concealment of my tracks, the fact that I keep sheep (emphasise the verb keep) has become known; I thought that I should at least know something about my profession. I also thought to make my researches known to the public so that, whilst others may not yet wish to share my days of toil and nights of care, they may be lead to suspect not a perversion on my part, but rather a spiritual experience of fundamental and far-reaching importance. It may help my ego if not my pocket.

To begin with, I looked up an old friend, John Brand, whose delightful OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR LITERATURES (bound in half-calf with the gold blocking still visible) whilst not a first edition, is certainly a centenary edition. I doubt if the first edition in 1777 came out in half calf... However, he begins his little piece with a singularly encouraging quotation.

"Aubanus notes that the pastoral life was anciently accounted an honourable one..."

Now I was really on the track of good things and in the track of ancient and honourable things where should I begin but with Genesis. I struck oil almost immediately for Adam's very son Abel was a shepherd. The profession is indeed ancient.* But alas, what should happen in but a few sentences but the worthy and blameless Abel is murdered by his envious and wicked brother Cain. Cain then went forth and compounded his felony by building the first town. So the descendants of the towns have been devouring the descendants of Abel ever since. I can only think that the reason the Lord let Cain be is that the Lord, as befits the Good Shepherd, is a kind-hearted fellow and was hopeful that Cain would have seen the error of his ways. But it all seems to add up to the fact that GENESIS does give the genesis of things as they are, and the book ends, not surprisingly, with the information that "a shepherd is an abomination to an Egyptian."

So I turned, not without some hope, to that great authority on farming in the ancient world, Virgil. To quote Banjo Paterson,

"Alas for man's veracity!

For reputations false and true!"

After reading Virgil, I am convinced that his knowledge of livestock must have been gained from a drawing made by an inattentive slave. He reminds me of the famous hillbilly singer who died lamenting that he had never seen a horse.

* Funny, I'm sure there is at least one profession older than farming. I can't for the life of me remember what. Dan

But we still have the Golden Fleece to consider. It perturbs me you know, that this term has persisted down the ages, when what is really being referred to is a sheep-skin. On the surface this old myth appears to be the origin of the "sheep-skins for Russia" appeal which was current during the war, but as one who once, misguidedly, had a couple of Dorset Horn Rams, the wondering of such a creature from Boeotia in Greece to Colchis on the eastern end of the Black Sea is quite creditable, and they would hardly notice an insignificant stretch of water like the Hellespont.

The ram was the product of a strange breeding experiment. Theophane, whose own pedigree is not extensive, was a girl with more suitors than enough, and to save her from their intentions Poseidon transformed her into a ewe and placed her on the island of Crumissa. He then assumed the form of a ram and trapped her. (so much for his disinterest.) and had by her a winged ram with a golden fleece. At least, later commentators said the fleece was golden and that the ram had wings. The English later transported fellows to Australia for trying the same experiment. It was this ram that swooped down from the skies and saved Phrixus from having his throat cut at the behest of his step-mother.

As they were taking off, his sister Helle implored to be taken too because she had the suspicion that vengeance would have fallen on her in her brother's absence. However, she got giddy and fell off and was drowned in the strait which now bears her name. Phrixus eventually reached Colchis where he promptly sacrificed the ram and hung the skin on a tree. (Some say a temple but it was probably the same thing. The first church in Australia was a tree and the powers that were refused any others for many years. After all, one can hardly expect an administration bent on making man's life a hell on earth to be interested in saving his soul from a hell hereafter.) Also, it seems that having some gratitude for an animal that saved one's neck, and letting it live out its declining years in knee-deep grass only happens in modern sentimental songs of the more dubious kind.

Not that Phrixus escaped scott-free for his ingratitude to the ram. He was murdered for the skin, which the new owner left hanging on the same tree. Naturally, if I were a cynic, I would comment that this is the kind of logic one finds in present day politicians, but as I am not a cynic, I shall do nothing of the sort.

This led to the pirate expedition of the "Argo" under Jason, who not only took the golden fleece/sheepskin but who also pinched Medea. Everybody who was anybody in Greece had an ancestor who went on that expedition and claimed the right to trade with the settlements beyond the Hellespont. Much of Greece's wealth was built by this riding on the sheep's back.... a circumstance that seems to ring a bell somewhere*

*I still don't quite see how John decided that the Golden Fleece wasn't a fleece. A recent explanation for the gold part was that a fleece can be used for trapping gold when "panning" Dan.

It is well known of course, that the English wealth was built on sheep. The woolpack is a distinctive feature of the Houses of Parliament. In fact, even with their economy as bent as it is, a major slab of it is earned in their textile mills. However, as any Scot will tell you, the bulk of English wealth is made for them by Scots with their famous tweeds.

Time was, when a Highland chief whistled and many thousand men rallied behind him and would follow him to hell if need be, but never a penny in rent did they expect to pay. This ill suited the new Chiefs who had married English women and had, perforce to live in expensive London houses. So they turned out the people who had been there since the bronze age, burning the houses over their heads to such an extent that ships at sea were lost in the smoke. The people crowded down onto the sea-beaches and lived on soup made from nettles, thickened with oatmeal and blood drawn from cattle. War eventually broke out and the Duke ofutherland hurried northward to recruit several thousand clansmen (at five pounds a head) and called for volunteers. They listened in stoney silence and made never a move. Eventually he made so bold as to ask an old Highlander he knew what the trouble was. He was told in a bluntness that is lovely to read. He did not however try and recruit the sheep as the old chap suggested.

The matter had started to stink and, to whitewash his "improvements" the Duke employed Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, famous for her UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Despite the fact that she could not speak Gaelic, (nor they a word of English) she produced a remarkable face saving book. After all, she was not new to this sort of thing. She had not been within a thousand miles of the slave-holding areas of America and had never spoken to a negro.

Lots of those Scots migrate to Australia, and some became shepherds.

Not only to the Egyptian was the shepherd an abomination. The shepherd was an abomination to the Australian. Only those charitably regarded as deranged ever became shepherds. The bulk of men, even to avert starvation would not become a shepherd, and the bulk of shepherds, if not mad beforehand, went mad soon after... or got speared by the aborigines.

However, being a shearer was a different matter, and providing the shearers could not get other work, there was plenty available. Their ability varied from the slow who could only do eighty to ninety per day to Crooked Nick who was sacked one day for cutting bootlaces off the sheep and shore another fifteen whilst straightening up. According to Paterson

"A couple of Shundred and ninety nines"
Are the tallies made by the two Devines."

But despite the fact that they do get the wool off the sheep and that Henry Lawson thought them to be quite saintly fellows, at least one squatter is reputed to have said,

"Sheep eat grass, and if I had my way, so would the shearers."
This brings us to the squatter who "had a fine estate", and

"who swore by right pre-emptive, at a sanguinary rate,
That by his rams, his ewes, his lambs, Victoria was made
great--"

and the other side of the story....

"The stockyard's broken down, and the woolshed's tumbling in.

I've written to the mortgagees in vain;

My wool is all damaged and it is not worth a pin,

And I've lost that little freehold on the plain."

Naturally, a man has to be a little better off for
knowing that he has a grand vocation, and if times are a
little rough at present, they will improve and my sex appeal
will increase with higher prices for wool, Banjo Paterson, who
was a happy coot and who had something encouraging to say for
everybody, wrote a poem on the subject called IT'S GRAND TO BE
A SQUATTER:

It's grand to be a squatter
And sit upon a post
And watch your little ewes and lambs
A-giving up the ghost....

.....

And pluck the wool from stinking sheep
Some days since they have died."

If Abel was the first sheep man, Job is our patron saint.
(Shepherds are even mentioned in science fiction.)

PHILOSOPHICAL GEMS HATEY
Being a poetry corner, with a name of which the significance
will escape all except Rob, Bob and the other A.B. followers.

Babe you're wearing your chains today
Well, it matches your black leather
But you'll go on wearing them
Even when you're not
But she just bound herself more securely
And turned from my window.

She said to me
You fly too high
The sun will burn the feathers
Right from your back.
I flew even harder
From the window, up above

Andrew Brown

Call on the war, bring on the megadeaths
We're going to explore, what goes on away.
Stamp on the enemy, kick out their dying breaths
Don't let them implore, don't hear what they say.

Now just be quiet, let them get near you
Then you can fight and blow them to dust.
Blow out their brains, but don't let them hear you.
Leave them to rot and their weapons to rust.

Blot the ground with their bodies, the sky with red mist.
They aren't anybody. They can't hurt you now.
Their bodies are broken, they've ceased to exist
Their last words are spoken. There's now need to cower.

They dropped just like rain, from the sky up above
Straight into pain from their small world domes
Before they could move we had turned off our love
Our hate we did prove. Now none will go home.

Stephen Bates

Poor delicate creature.
You love the wings
You sadly fold.
It's not as if there was not time
To exercise your fragile planes,
Soaring through peaks
And over open fields.
Two weeks is eternity.
The hard face of reality
Masks your beauty.
Only in the nest
Is the warmth you seek.
The soft iron of your prison
Flows over me in an endless wave of swirling sound.
A weaving of guitar and voice
Draws you closer to the cell
Where the drum beat will lock you.
Do not cry.
You remain but a wink
In the eye of time
And will soon fly again.

Marc A Ortlieb



LUNATIC THIRTEENS

Marc A. Ortlieb

The darkness closed in and she was alone. Sensation had abandoned her. Nothing touched her. Even the familiar pull of gravity was gone. There was silence, punctuated only by the heavy ticking of the ancient clock in the hallway.

Clock. Hallway. But there should be nothing, no sound, no place, only darkness.

The sound echoed, shaking her. Like a ponderous heart it pumped pulses of noise into her brain.

There was a pause, a feeling, a waiting. The world stopped. Confusion! There is no world. I left that. There is only me!

A deep throbbing developed into a muffled clang.

One.

A voice. "Why did you leave us. We needed you. You could have lead us. You knew the way."

A heavy rumble.

Two.

A chorus. "It was not time for you to go. You left much unfinished."

A muted thunder.

Three.

"An artist of renowned sensitivity who could not face society's burdens."

A roaring.

Four.

"Naturally limited by her femininity, she was forced to adopt..."

Five.

"Oh muse! Hear me now. Give me your wisdom."

Six.

"Rigidly controlled poetical structure."

Seven.

"A Jew! A Jew!"

Eight.

"Neurotic whining..."

returned servicemen. (The RSL would love it.) The title story deserved every award and piece of praise it got.

CONJURED WIFE Fritz Leiber (Penguin, 1962)
(wow, he's really diving into the oldies now.)

A fascinating story about suburban witchcraft and its effects on the career of a college lecturer. Leiber shows remarkable skill in building the sinister and supernatural from the commonplace. (His closest rival would be Bradbury.) His opinion, as expressed in the novel, that all women are masters (sorry, mistresses) of witchcraft probably reveals some deep psychological disorder but it's a damn good yarn.

RED SHIFT Alan Garner (Collins, 1975)

After listening to Ursula LeGuin enthuse over Garner's work on an AussieCon panel, I promised myself I'd read some. It took a while but I did it.

RED SHIFT is definitely my favourite book of the quarter. It has a power of concept and execution lacking in so many other books. I feel most embarrassed trying to classify it. The book stands on its own though there are certain traces of fantasy in its construction. There is a type of magic involved in the story but it isn't the type that can be conjured with.

The centre of the book is a hill in England and there are three events in the area which, though separated in time, are linked by an ancient axehead to form the body of the book. The main strand of Garner's tepestry is a twentieth century teen-age love story, but if you're thinking of sweet adolescent trash lit then forget it. Garner deals with real characters. Indeed I find Jan and Tom two of the most believable characters whom I have encountered in my reading. The other subplots involve more violent ages but in each there is love and in each there is the ancient stone axe.

The interweaving of the plots hints at a unity which I admit I do not yet understand. I intend to read the book again, but not for a while. RED SHIFT packs a real emotional wallop. Not for those who get depressed easily.

PLAN OF THE DAMNED Harry Harrison (Orbit, 1976)

A good Harrison adventure novel, in many ways similar to Joseph Green's Conscience Interplanetary series. Nothing great but nice escapist stuff.

~~XX~~

Actually the only reason I publish book reviews is to impress people with the standard of my reading material. What? Your not impressed? But migawd, what if someone found out that I can't even read the crud I review and that I pinch all my reviews from old PSEFs and that all I ever really read are Marvel Comics? I'd better keep quiet about that.

THE SPARKS OF WAR Marion Zimmer Bradley (Daw, 1974)

Marion Zimmer Bradley has created a detailed picture of the planet Darkover and this novel is not an in the series. Once again we encounter the telepathic aristocracy of the planet and see typical Barthman's reactions to them. (Sorry if I sound a little cynical. Whilst I love reading Darkover novels the plots do tend to repeat themselves a bit.)

As a sequel to Darkover, we get to meet some of Darkover's non-human inhabitants. Despite the repetitiveness, the novel is pleasant reading, perhaps due to its fair tale atmosphere in which every Barthman becomes a member of the elite aristocracy. Good wish fulfillment stuff.

THE SWORD AND THE SORCERESS Avram Davidson (Hoyt, 1975)

Rather a pleasant sword and sorcery epic starring Veril Marcus the imaginary Roman sorcerer who was created in the Middle Ages from stories of Veril the Latin epic poet. The entire thing is well researched and filled with semi-classical figures. Worth reading.

THE WRITING WORKSHOP Lee Harding (ed) (Forstrill Press, 1976)

I'm getting more fanish in my old age. For me, the high point of this anthology was reading people's personal comments on the things that happened at the workshop. For the uninitiated, THE WRITING WORKSHOP is a collection of writing centered on the writer's workshop held in conjunction with AussieCon last year. It features stories written during the workshop, some post-workshop info and material and invaluable hints on the running of workshops. Every library should have one or more, so buy one and help make Gary Handfield a wealthy man.

+++++
Pipedream

A vague haze
Slips from the pipe
And hardens to rings
Which cling,
Chainlike,
Grown in the mind
To dream of dragons.

Another heavy iron ring
Forged by the hand of time
Adds its link to the leaden
chain
That pins my weary mind.
In dungeons of conformity
Behind the grey stone walls
The iron hand of destiny
Has got me by the balls.

FILMZ

Well, for a start, I'm not at all happy with the film I got from Roneo to stop stencils from coating the typewriter keys with gunk. You have to hit the keys three times as hard to cut the stencil then there's a hell of a lot of fucking around involved with using corflu on mistakes. That is a major criterion of usefulness as I tend to use about a pint of corflu per issue. Oh but you weren't interested in that sort of film were you? Okay, let's get down to the one sf film I did see recently.

LIFE IN THE POST-STRANGELOVE ERA

And what better film to follow on from DR STRANGELOVE than the REDSITTING ROOM?

Milligan : Are you the officer what was in charge of the delivery of the British nuclear deterrent in the last war.

Officer : Yes I am.

Milligan : Well, it's been sent back. There's threepence postage to pay.

I mentioned the play THE REDSITTING ROOM in DR5 in the article on T. BARRY AND SF. The film is more so only better. It is set in a post disaster England where the scenery is unending rubble and piles of rusted car bodies and the heir to the British throne, Mrs Ethyl Scroake, poses on a horse in front of a triumphal arch of old refrigerators.

The cast list reads like a who's who of English comedy; Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Marty Feldman, Rita Tushingham, Arthur Lowe, Jimmy Edwards, Dandy Nichols, Sir Ralph Richardson and many more. (I say many more because I've forgotten exactly who else was in it.)

Richard Lester has done a magnificent job of transferring Milligan and Antrobus's play onto film. Dudley Moore and Peter Cooke, as the remains of the English police force, travel in a rusty car body hanging from a balloon or drive a monstrous bulldozer forcing people to move along so that there won't be any targets for the next war. Harry Secombe lives in a bunker searching through hundreds of thousands of film reels trying to find out who started it. Arthur Lowe singlehandedly runs the last remaining tube train on the Circle Line, so long as the man who pedals the English electricity generator keeps going that is.

Yet in the middle of all this comedy, Lester keeps sight of Milligan's message. This must not be allowed to happen. Through all the nonsense runs the one thought, If man maintains his present idiocy then we are doomed. One can only think of the words of the Red Queen.

"You may call it 'nonsense' if you like but I've heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary."

Rather a lean bundle this time I'm afraid.

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article by George Turner, story, lotz of nice artwork
and letters. Worth it for the latter two alone.

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\$2-10 per year, or the usual.

One of my favourite zines, 46 concludes Danny Lien's Russicon report, a beautiful cartoon on gelatin duplicating and the best crudzine column I've ever seen. (nice letters too) Rune 47 is a comic edition.

NEW GENESIS 1. Alan Bray 5 Green Ave Beaton S.Aust. 5023
The usual.

Adelaide fandom is alive and?

CRUX 2. James Styles 342 Barkly St., Ararat Vict, 3377.
40c or the usual.

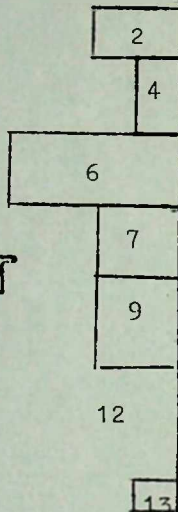
If there's one thing I hate it's someone trying to take my place in fandom before I've even established it. But since Styles seems to have the crud market well and truly sown up I can see I'm gunna haveta start producing a quality product. And speaking of quality, Styles is still using fordograph. And he's still printing his own articles. And I got a page upside down. However he normally says at least one nice thing about MDR so I suppose I'd better say one nice thing about Crux. Buy a copy. (Then Styles might be able to afford a mimeo.)

[illegible]

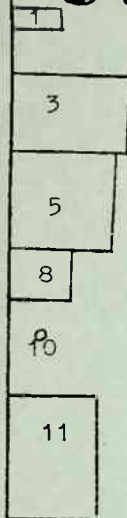
THE

GHETTO

THE GREAT TREK DESERT



GHETTO MAIN STREET



KEY

- 1 Waver's H.Q.
- 2 Typewriter shop
- 3 The Bank
- 4 Marshall Goodrite's office
- 5 The Saloon
- 6 Campbell's Stable
- 7 Stationery
- 8 Doc Gramaticus' office
- 9 Alter's print shop
- 10 R.A. HEINLEIN MEMORIAL SPITTOON
- 11 Johnson Shipping Line
- 12 Waste Paper Dump
- 13 Firster's H.Q.

IMPASSABLE
WHEN
WET

MAD

DAN'S

shack

WINTER
TRACK
ONLY

Hi boys and girls! Yes, it's that time of year when people all over the place start thinking " Oh Ghod! Another Mad Dan Review. What can I say that won't hurt his feelings but will stop him sending the bloody things here?"

Well don't worry children, Uncle Dan has the solution. For a start you could try not even admitting you got this copy. That way Ortlieb gets fed up and stops posting future issues to you. Just think, if nobody wrote this time he might stop producing them altogether. Wouldn't that be nice?

You'd better watch it though. Between you and me and the satellite spy camera which is watching you read this, Ortlieb is getting a little sick of RDR in its present format and is kindof considering an experimental approach for RDR7. I am certain I heard several sighs and whispered "it couldn't be any worse"s. Don't you believe it baby. In the words of a famous Rigelian centipede "You ain't seen nuthin yet."

And speaking of famous Rigelian centipedes, Dave Kelly having no one better to do has been researching into my family history. He unearthed several skeletons in the family closet which he promptly ate. Thus fortified he produced the following report on my brother Thermous

Mad Dan's Smarter Brother

extracts from the Dan family scrap book.

Unlike Mad Dan, his smarter brother Thermous was not dropped on his head when a baby, did not get left on the steps of a dog's home when he was twenty three and never became the editor of the world's worst fanzine. Indeed Thermous led an average childhood. True, he suffered through the normal childish accidents; he was fed to lions at Chessington Zoo (They threw him back and went on strike for better conditions.) he ~~was pushed~~ fell into a vat of 10M sulphuric acid which he neutralised upon which event he was used in the steering assembly of a Volkswagon. As can be seen, his upbringing should have produced a perfectly normal and happy cretin. It did.

Having totally failed kindergarten, primary school, high school and an honours degree in Hindustani, he was pronounced ideally suited for a career with the public service as a chartered accountant. He was accepted and was, of course, a complete success, becoming extremely proficient at getting wrong answers to crosswords and delaying members of the public who wished to pay bills. His "Sorry but you need form 253-bx-0098739373 from our other office on the other side of town" ploy is fondly remembered and used by members of the service.

Thermous at present lives in a self contained condemned cell at Yatla and commutes to work in the Donarto Government offices by bicycle.

Prospects for the future :- ZILTKH

CLOSING TO IT ALL

"If I had my way I would fill a hall and tell all the people
tear down the walls that keep them from being a part of it all
'cause they gotta be close to it all"

CLOSING TO IT ALL Melanie Safka.

For me, AussieCon was a parade of events, BofCon was a parade of people. It was John Alderson showing pretty Victorian girls to me and saying "Now, that's what a South Australian looks like so watch it!" It was Kitty Vigo trying to sell me a second copy of THE ADULTERED I as a seduction aid. It was Shayne McCormack inviting male faneds up to her room to see her etchings. Above all, it was fun.

It was also too damned short. Mind you, I didn't help that aspect of things by not arriving till mid-day Saturday but still, for the national convention, two days and nights isn't that much. The timing was a pity too. One week later and it would have coincided with my school holidays and I would have been able to stay over longer.

The whole thing started with an air of unreality. I'd never flown in a jet before and by the time I reached Melbourne I was already quite high. (Actually, I was much lower than I had been half an hour before but that is neither here nor there and as it happened I was there.)

The bus trip from the terminal was disappointing. Here was I expecting something new, and except for the numberplates and a couple of roadsigns, I might just as well have been in Adelaide. (The fact that Australia is a Federation has often disappointed me. I remember the first time I crossed the border wondering if Victorians would take South Australian money.) I didn't step outside into the pure Victorian air until I reached the Melbourne bus terminal so that didn't help my feeling of unreality.

Like a good little tourist, I carefully consulted my PR3 to find out how to get to the Hotel. Take a number three tram it said. Down Swanson Street it said. What it didn't say was which way down Swanson Street and naturally, muggins here jumped on a tram headed in the wrong direction.

It took a while to sort out where I was going but the conductor was a pleasant character and we got to discussing music and sf films and the availability of acid, dope and heroin and it's amazing what a South Australian bumpkin can learn on a Melbourne tram. I even got invited to an outdoor dance that evening. At least I think it was an outdoor dance. He said that there would be plenty of grass. Unfortunately, that evening I got tied up with the auctions and I didn't make it there. I did however, under guidance, get off at the right tram stop.

Once more my inbuilt sense of mis-direction was working at peak efficiency and I went the wrong way but Ghod protects the innocent so somehow I ended up in front of the Noah's

Lake Palm Inn Motel or somesuch. Fortune was again with me and Paul Anderson was standing outside. He conducted me to the signing in desk.

From then on in, the weekend becomes a blur which only ended when I woke up Monday morning back in South Aust and sanity. I do clearly remember several things, like wandering around the backstreets near the hotel looking for a shop which would sell me a biro and I'm sure I talked to dozens of people who I won't get round to mentioning here. My problem is that no way can I get the events in any meaningful sequence so what I'll do is just mention some of the more enjoyable parts of the con.

VIVA ZAPPA TA.

Sometime Saturday I was heading for the ancient lift which was the only access to my room when I encountered Claudia and Randall going in the opposite direction. Randall invited me to join the little group which was on its way somewhere for eats. That is it was a little group until various people joined it. (I was one of the most various.)

In approximately three cars exactly, we headed off for Tacos Bill's Mexican food joint. I was jammed into the back of Catherine's mini with Pitty and David and we spent the time nattering about cats (one of my favourite topics.) On arrival, we were greeted by one of the scenic wonders of Melbourne, a pile of broken beer bottles.

Tacos Bill's was quite nice. (See; I did resist the impulse to say tacky.) Several of the assembled multitude proved their courage by trying the chile sauce. Remarkable stuff I am lead to believe. Evidently it's the sort of taste that seems quite innocuous to start with but which lies in waiting and sneaks up and destroys your tastebuds while you're not looking. Needless to say I was not one of the courageous souls who gave their tongues to fandom. (More's the pity" mutters a philistine in the audience.)

I spent much of the dinner talking to David who does things like importing Stephan Grappeli and Jean Luc Ponti. Somehow I got trapped in a discussion on violin techniques and I barely got out with my ignorance concealed.

The food was pleasant enough. I ordered a bit of everything to find out what each item tasted like but it got mixed in the eating so I couldn't tell anyway. At least now when I listen to Zappa talking about an enchilada wrapped around a pickle shoved between a donkey's legs I have a vague mental picture of the procedure.

On the way back to the con, we engaged in a speculative discussion concerning the consequences of the traditional after-effects of Mexican food on Catherine's tightly packed mini. There are somethings that man was never meant to know.

SOLD TO ME, BUT THOSE WERE I, FRANTICALLY TRYING TO DRAG HIM
OUT OF THE ROOM.

Fandom is just a ghod damned way of spending money.

Other than speaking to people, the thing I did most at BofCon was go to the auctions. The result was that I had a bag full of books and a wallet full of holes by the time I got back to Adelaide.

Now auctions can be dull and serious affairs, so just to liven things up a little, Adelaide decided to stage some comic bidding amongst themselves. I missed the spectacular Harris/Stokes act where they bid up to seventy dollars for a couple of Stapledon hardbacks and so was forced to put on a supporting act with Roman Omszanski and Allan (Slow Bid) Bray.

Standard Bidding Sequence (Adelaide Convention)

"What am I bid for this Ballantine paperback, Harlan Ellison's DISGUSTING TALK OF SEX AND VIOLENCE BY COMPUTER REVISED EDITION, 1905 third printing in that year? Reserve is five cents."

"Could you give us a list of the stories please?"

"Certainly. We have ALL THE STORIES ARE DEAR, I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I'VE TAPPED IN WITH A BULL BITE and REPENT ASINOV SAID THE NIGON."

"Five cents."

"I hear five, do I hear more?"

"Fifteen cents."

"Thirty"

"Four no trump"

"Shut up Ortlieb"

"I have thirty cents. Who'll give me more?"

"Who's bidding against me?"

"Roman"

"Make it a dollar."

"I have a dollar. A dollar once, a dollar twice, a dollar three times....."

"Two dollars."

"Bugger you Allan."

PEOPLE

The one thing about BofCon I enjoyed above all else was talking to people; Sitting in Eric's room sipping Coke and talking about do-it-yourself computer filing systems, Shayne's art and anything else that came to mind; Suffering guilt symptoms when Michael O'Brien mentioned that he had noticed the appearance of his Doppelganger in the KOMOLU MID STRIKE AGAIN.

+++++
Incidentally, did you realise that Midas exhibited classic guilt symptoms?

Naturally, considering the time available, most conversations were quite short and I barely had time to say Hi! to Leigh and Carey and John Foyster and twenty other people. I guess that's why we keep having conventions. Next time I may have time to make up for the people I didn't talk to at BofCon but then I'll have built up another backlog. The Labours of Sisypus just aren't in it.

There were of course a few people who didn't do the right thing. John Noble can be excused due to transport difficulties but Styles is missing the national con just to get to Q-Con III just is not on. I was rather disturbed by the lack of femmefen throwin' themselves at my feet. I've a good mind to write to Harlan Ellison and ask for my money back. Despite that, the people I met at BofCon were real nice. Hope to see you all in Adelaide next year. (Sorry about that list of Irish jokes Susan. Real soon now.)

SUMMARY

Nett cost \$200.00. Nett gains, vast quantities of books and the nicest weekend I've had since AussieCon. It was a really nice show fellas. Now all I've got to do is wait till Q-Con III.

PLUG:

If anyone has any ideas for the next national con, I'm sure the A-Con 7 committee c/o Allan Bray 5 Green Ave., Seaton S.Aust. 5023 would love to hear of them.

+++++

CON INFO

(Liberally stolen from Panew Sletter, the Q-Con III flyer. John Foyster's THE MUGO LITE LITMAG 1976 and Roman Orszanski.)

SLANCON I 9-11 October Perth. A free bottle of Swan to any Eastern fan getting there for the Saturday night. (Does that include South Australians.)
82 Milne St., Dayswater, W.A. 6053.

Q-Con III New Year weekend Brisbane, The Metropolitan Hotel.
Pro Guest of Honour A. Bertram Chandler.
Pan Guest of Honour Leigh Edmonds.
Sounds like a real winner from the programme.
Membership until November 1st Attending '86
Supporting \$2 After Nov 1st Att '88 Supp \$3.
P.O Box 235 Albion, Brisbane, Qld. 4010.

UniCon III Easter 1977. Adelaide. Contact Ausfa c/o Adelaide University Union, Adelaide University, Adelaide, 5000

Phoenix won the bid for the 1978 World Convention.

HOW TO BLUFF YOUR WAY INTO AUSTRALIAN FAN DOM

INTRODUCTION

Perhaps the greatest challenge to the master bluffer is the tight clique. The tight clique penetration is a manoeuvre to be attempted by only the finest of bluffers. Thus while any tyro can bluff his way into political circles, it takes an excellent bluffer to work his way into the aristocracy. Getting into Australian fandom is a task for the elite bluffer.

Here to help you in your attempt is some information gathered by torturing a member of Australian fandom (a trufan) with a copy of the complete works of Patrick White. Using this and the skill you have developed in rising to the rank of master bluffer you might just carry off the piece de resistance of bluffery: The Tight Clique Penetration.

PEOPLE

As in any clique situation, people are the central part of Australian Fandom. In order to penetrate so much as the outer circle, you must memorise the following names and facts.

JOHN BANGSUND

When pronouncing this name, you must always insinuate into your voice a reverend tone, much akin to the way a Roman Catholic will speak of the Pope or a certain Queensland politician will speak of Adolf Hitler.

John is noted as the editor of the now defunct Australian Science Fiction Review. As a bluffer, you must always hint that you have inside information concerning the resurrection of ASFR.

John is also noted as a wine connoisseur. You should mention sharing a bottle of red with him to establish your bona fides.

It is permissible to criticise John but never seriously. A few comments about his anti-social nature may go down well with the younger fen.

JOHN FOYSTER

Another ghod of Australian fandom. Since John was almost single handedly responsible for getting the Australian World Con bid off the ground he is a popular figure. Again it is possible to make mild comments concerning his recent lack of activity.

LEIGH BENDONDS

Leigh has not quite reached the rank of ghod so you are at liberty to make rude remarks about him. His particular field of interest is electronic music. To get in with John Alderson (see below) it is essential to make comments about the dehumanising effects of electronic music on people.

Leigh is famed for FANZ SLUTTER which won him the 1976 Ditmar. This zine is an invaluable aid to the bluffer as it includes all the latest fan gossip. Leigh is also one of the most active members of ANZAPA.

ERIC LINDSAY

Eric occupies an unusual position in Australian Fandom. It is universally accepted that you must praise his fanzine Gegenschein but never must you agree with his policy on spelling reform. You should make light hearted comments about Eric's complaints about the price of stamps.

BRUCE GILLIESPIE

Under no circumstances whatsoever are you permitted to make rude comments about Bruce in fannish company. Bruce is universally acclaimed as the best sercon editor working in Australia and one of the best in the world. Criticising Bruce is a good way to get yourself written off as an associate of Marc Ortlieb (see below). This is perhaps the worst possible thing a bluffer trying to break into fandom can do.

If wishing to get in really well with Australian Fandom, make comments like "It's a pity SF Commentary didn't get a Hugo."

JOHN ALDERSON

It is possible to say just about anything you like about John. His wine making must be put down on all occasions and the bluffer who really knows his business won't go far astray in attributing some aspect of Occerdom to John. He publishes a zine called Chao which must be praised though it is possible to disagree with John's writing.

CAREY HANDFIELD

Carey is another who should be praised regularly for his contributions to Australian Fandom. He is the current O.B.B. of Anzapa. One's legitimacy in Fandom can soon be established by finding a suitable opportunity to mutter "It's all Carey Handfield's fault."

ROBIN JOHNSON

Robin occupies a unique position in Australian in that while he seldom writes anything himself, he is universally praised. Robin is the organiser extraordinaire for Australian Fandom. No Aussiefan worth his salt would so much as consider setting foot out of the country without Robin's advice. On top of that, Robin has one of the most pleasant personalities in Aussie Fandom. To be praised on all occasions.

DENNIS AND DEL STOCKS

The best way to prove your erudition here is to lament the passing of their fanzine Osiris. Their main claim to fame other than that is that they are Queenslanders.

GEORGE TURNER

George is acknowledged as one of Australia's finest sf critics. You should comment favourably on his critical ability whilst hinting that it's a little high brow for your liking.

LEE HARDING

One of Australia's best known filthy pros. To cement your position in Australian Fandom you should make very rude comments about his jokes whilst saying apologetically "I suppose his writing isn't too bad."

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

Bert is much venerated in Australia. He is the best known professional writer closely associated with Australia yet he is always friendly to the fan community. You are only permitted to say nice things about Bert.

DAVID ELIOT

David is the third filthy pro to add to your list. He is to be treated, in conversation, as a bright, up and coming author.

MERVYN BINS

Nerv is the proprietor of Space Age Books, the sf speciality bookstore in Australia. Current fan practice is to make sly digs at his prices.

LESSER KNOWN FEN

If you wish to impress people with your depth of fannish lore, dropping a few of these names into the conversation should help.

PAUL ANDERSON

Paul is well known as a writer of locs. He is a South Australian but few people take that against him. Mention his apazine The Memorazine and his wierd taste in computer generated music.

JON NOBLE

A New South Welsh Tolkien fan who uses a Fordograph duplicator for his fanzine South Of Harad East Of Rhun. Make nice comments about the zine and lousy comments about the duplication.

SHAYNE MCCORMACK

Sydney femmefan extraordinaire. Say nice things about her artwork.

RON AND SUE CLARKE

Ron is a big name fan who has almost totally succumbed to gafia, leaving wife Sue lumbered with the fanzine Forerunner Quarterly. Say nice encouraging things.

CHRISTINE McGOVERN

The 1976 DUFF winner and treasurer for Aussie Con. Never say anything nasty about Christine unless you wish to incur the wrath of the loose band of Melbourne fen known as exmagiapuddinities.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Michael, together with Bruce Barnes, is Tasmanian fandom. He is the only Fordograph user you are not allowed to criticise openly.

JAIME STYLES

A young Victorian country boy who is just discovering fandom. Out of his hearing range you are allowed to say anything rude about his Fordographed crudzine Crux however since all fans are basically nice people you will be expected to say nice things to him. He has been deluded into thinking that crudzines are what fandom is really about by

MARC O'LEARY

You are permitted to satisfy your baser instincts on this character. No foul rumour is too far fetched to attribute to him. His faux pas are a well known feature of his rare personal appearances.

Naturally there are several names not to be found here, but the master bluffer should be able to get by on these few until he has insinuated himself into the inner sanctum. Once there, anyone with a good ear for gossip will soon pick up other important names.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF AUSTRALIAN FANDOM

In your attempt to break into Australian Fandom you will need to know where to start since fandom is not spread evenly throughout the major cities.

Despite the attempts of small vocal minorities in Adelaide and Sydney to assert otherwise, Melbourne is very much the capital of Australian fandom. Of the twenty two names listed above, twelve are Victorians. These figures become even more impressive when one considers that of the fourteen major fen listed, ten are Victorians. Again from the total figure, five are from New South Wales, three are from South Australia, one is from Tasmania and one pair is from Queensland. Victoria has very clearly got the Australian fan scene sown up.

This does not mean that one must go to Victoria to break into Australian Fandom. Quite the opposite. As always is the

case, the bluffer's best bet is to go to the outskirts of the clique and pretend to come from the centre. Thus you could go to Adelaide pretending to be a Melbourne fan. This ploy necessitates certain preparation. Adelaide fen do know a bit about Melbourne so to make sure you have your facts straight, we print the following facts about Melbourne fandom.

(1) Degraves

At one time the fannish eaterie in Melbourne. Mentioning discussions participated in at Degraves is an instant attention getter, especially if you can sprinkle in a few good names. Be careful with the date of your conversation though as Melbourne fandom now eats at the Bib'N Tucker which is often referred to as the Son Of Degraves.

(2) The Magic Puddin' Club.

Another defunct Melbourne institution. Used to be the fannish equivalent of the Salvation Army Hostels. A number of names are associated with the Puddin'. You won't go far astray mentioning Ken Ford, Don & Derrick Ashby, Keith Taylor, Christine McGowan, Corey Handfield and Randall Flynn.

(3) The Nova Mob.

A famed Melbourne sf discussion group.

(4) The Southern Cross.

The Hotel at which AussieCon was held.

(5) Melbourne University.

This institution is the home of the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association or Musfa. There is quite a wide gap between Uni Fandom and the rest of Melbourne fandom with each going its own way and meeting at large Conventions. Musfa is the breeding place for writers with Francis Payne and Roger Meddall being two of the better known examples. Musfa and its opposite number in Adelaide Ausfa have fairly close ties so, when bluffing in Adelaide circles it's safer to work as a member of Melbourne fandom proper.

(6) Space Age Books

On Swanson Street. Nervyn Binns' sf speciality shop.

If using the "Big Fan From Melbourne" ploy in Adelaide it is advisable to avoid Paul Day, Paul Stokes and John Bangsund as each of these worthies is well acquainted with most of Melbourne fandom.

Sydney Fandom is much more separated. Again there is a strong uni fan community which concentrates on Tolkien, Dr. Who and writing. Then there is the Sydney SF Foundation which varies in its active cycles and finally there is Eric Lindsay who is looking after the Sydney Cove in '83 world Con Bid.

Adelaide fandom itself is a small group with delusions of gender. Too small to support both a club and Uni scene, the two amalgamate via the Friday night dinners they hold at the Uni Bistro and the Adelaide in '83 World Con bid. Adelaide fandom, though small is extremely vociferous.

Unfortunately, when fandom in Tasmania, Western Australia and Queensland was mentioned our informant fainted. We gather from other sources that this is a general reaction to the recent increased fanac in Western Australia and Queensland. Unfortunately we have been unable to locate much info so we recommend that you steer the conversation off these states.

A BRIEF GLOSSARY OF FANNISH JARGON

As you, as a master bluffer, will already know, mastery of the jargon is the prime requisite of penetrating any given field of knowledge. In this respect, Australian fandom is worse than most cliques since, as it professes to a high intelligence, it feels obliged to prove its claims by using really high powered jargon. Below we list some of the more common expressions. Learn them carefully.

sf

This is an abbreviation for science fiction, the field of literature which theoretically holds fandom together though, if you wish to bluff your way into fannish fandom you must not read any. The best possible way to prove your ignorance is to use the label sci-fi. It is generally understood that only mock trendies use the term. A permissible alternative for sf is stf.

fan

In all cases, this term refers to members of fandom. The plural is either fans or fen. The term fan is often qualified, thus trufan is one who is accepted by all as a fan. A sercon fan is one whose interests lie in serious sf criticism. Fanac refers to activity undertaken by fen. The term fannish can either be a compliment or an insult depending on the source of the word. It basically means that the material presented is more oriented to fans as people than to sf. A Neo-fan is one who is new to fandom. Fanfic is fiction produced by fen as opposed to faanfic which is fiction produced about fans. The term Fiawol or F.I.A. .O.L. is a religious creed which roughly translates that Fandom Is A Way Of Life. You are permitted to argue with this so long as you never actively denigrate fandom.

zine

Zine is an abbreviation for magazine. Its exact meaning depends on its prefix. Thus a prozine is one of the professional science fiction magazines. A penzine is an amateur magazine produced by one or more fen. It may include anything from fanfic to plant growing hints. Serconzines contain serious

sf criticism. Personalzines contain material about the editor or which the editor finds interesting. Apazines are generally smaller publications produced for amateur publishing associations. (See ANZAPA). Crudzines contain rubbish. There are also many specialist zines which are named according to their subject material. Thus a Tolkienzine is a zine centered on the works of J.R.R. Tolkien. With the exception of prozines, all of the above may be lumped under the title fanzines.

ANZAPA

ANZAPA is the Australia New Zealand Amateur Press Association. Members print their contributions, apazines and send forty five copies to the O.B.B. (Official Bloody Editor) who separates them into piles. Eventually each member receives a copy of each apazine. This pile is called a mailing. There are lots of rules involved so it is suggested that the bluffer doesn't mention Anzapa unless he has to.

DUFF

Duff is the Down Under Fan Fund, a charity run by fans which sends Australian fans to American Cons and American fans to Australian Cons in alternate years.

Cons

A con is a gathering of fans. Cons normally include panels on sf, award presentations and lots of socialising. The bluffer should not hint that he has attended a Con unless he researches the facts on the Cons carefully. Most Australian Cons are very small affairs so to claim that you were at a particular Con is to invite immediate rebuttal from someone who actually was at the Con.

If an Australian refers to the Con then he is referring to the thirty third World Science Fiction Convention, known to its friends as AussieCon which was held in Melbourne in 1975. You can claim to have been there as it was easily possible to get lost among the six hundred attendees.

THE DITMAR

This is the equivalent of the Euro for Australian fandom though its form is at present in a state of flux. The bluffer would do best to refer to it as the Australian Science Fiction Achievement award.

Gafia

Getting away from it all. A fan who drops out of fanac is said to have gafiated.

Ghod

Fans find deliberate misspelling cute. Thus god often becomes ghod and beer/bheer. Fanzine producers will often refer to typos which are merely typographical errors.

Filthy pro A professional sf writer.

CONCLUSIONS

You are now almost ready to face your final exposure to Australian Pandom. All that remains is for you to complete the test which will be found below. You may use any means, fair or foul to answer the questions. Some will however require research using fanzines. Best of bluffer's luck and remember, if you're caught we don't know nothing about you.

TEST

Answer all questions. Only non-fannish spelling errors will be penalised. Time - five years to life.

- (1) Define the following terms.
(a) Wakefan (b) Apazine (c) Pafia (d) Slip sheeting
- (2) True or False.
(a) Sci-fi is an acceptable abbreviation for science fiction.
(b) Ebeer is the only true rhod.
(c) Minneapolis is bidding for the '73 WorldCon.
(e) Bumbags the wonder who both is a character from one of A Bertram Chandler's novels.
- (3) Match the following zines with their editors.

PERIODICALS GAZ	Dennis Stocks
ORLIEB	Roman Crszanski
G'FUEL	John Bergsund
NOB IN	Bruce Gillespie
OF OUR BUTEY	Marc Ortlieb
- (4) Write an account of your activities at AussieCon.
- (5) Which of the following does not belong.
 - (a) Ygor Rega
 - (b) Keats
 - (c) Jofan
 - (d) Harlan

Okay kiddies. That's it for the ghetto this issue. All complaints may be sent to Ortlieb. I'll accept gracefully all compliments. If anyone has anything they would like to see in the hetto feel at liberty to write in your request. We're hoping to feature Ortlieb's death certificate in the near future.

Your correspondant in the crapper

DAN

GHETTO
LETTERS

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave. Paulconbridge N.S.W. 2776 12/8/76

// I get the wierdest letters, from those on Uni Bistro place mats to this one which Eric wrote whilst in the train on the way to DofCon.//

Naturally, as a true individualistic anarchist, I am opposed to the United Fanarchist Party, and all other parties except room parties. The post office are rather good to me. - gave me a lift to the railway station and let me leave my pack there at the PO while storing my car away. Loved the "Power to the correct people" slogan. // So did I. I only wish it were mine but I stole it from the National Lampoon album Lemmings. //

John Alderson is bitter about the prices farmers receive and rightly so - yet he is incorrect to suppose that other workers are paying less or the same for food. Food bills take 21 to 22% of the household expenditures in this country and the proportion is not dropping. Someone must be making a profit.

By the way, I doubt that large farms are more efficient on a production per capita expenditure basis, although they may be on the basis of production per worker - but since we need more not less meaningful jobs, I'd say we could do with lots more small farms and people willing to work them on a reasonably paid basis.

Ortlieb on page 14 is welcoming something he should be working for since he admits to benefiting from it.

To Joan Dick. Marijuana has been used for at least eight centuries, but only became illegal here about 1935 or so. From this, one anticipates that someone decided it made people more placid and less likely to work or fight (not the original intention, I'll grant you but a widely reported effect.) Which brings us to the military. One of the very few legitimate functions of Government is the raising of forces to defend existing territorial boundaries - naturally sending forces elsewhere can hardly be considered legitimate - and thus one can admire those who volunteer for such things, as it takes a certain amount of heroism to risk life for money and country.

I'm a coward, so I wouldn't do it, even if the risk on the roads is even greater at the moment and less avoidable (you will notice I'm in favour of banning or at least downgrading, the use of cars, so as to avoid such a risk.) I really believe it is legitimate to use force to defend yourself against someone who uses force against you whether as a country or as an individual.

Naturally, this means also using force against someone who has a legal authority if they attempt to use force against you, for example to conscript you. This is not exactly a pacafist response, and being directed against the existing order is likely to be regarded as treasonable. I hope that, when the next call up comes, more people have the will and the ability to do such treason - "treason never prospers, what's the reason. For if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Why the concern about Sylvia Plath some twelve years after her suicide. I note from recently published letters to her mother that six weeks before her death she was the happiest she had ever been. Perhaps poems are unconscious, as her suicide may have been of a similar impulse - and we know the unconscious is mad.

// Sorry Eric but you missed on that one. The last letters, though nowhere near as dispiriting as some previous still have an air of unease in them. Plath was still under the shadow of her husband's departure and was sick most of the time. That winter was one of the worst in living memory.

As for why I am so concerned with Plath "twelve years after her suicide" it is for the same reason that I am still interested in Shakespeare three hundred and some years after his death. Plath could use words. True, in most cases the picture she painted was bleak and terrible but her words hold strength. Her suicide was not necessary. She would have been a major modern poet without it but unfortunately, the passion which lies behind her Ariel Poems also lies behind her death.//

Joan Dick 379 Mantigong St Albury M. . . 2640 11/8/76

It // RDR// does not help me ice a cake. While mixing icing with two hands and reading at the same time, I picked up the wrong container and put chilli powder in the icing.

// How's that for an unsolicited testimonial? Still, I know the problem well. I keep marvel comics in the house so that I can read something over breakfast whilst not having to worry about ruining it by spilling baked bean juice all over it.//

The cold hollow laughter of John Alderson's article tells a dismal future for the farming community in Australia. Last week I drove to Canberra. The sights we saw were anything but funny. What must any man of the land feel when he gazes over

his paddocks and sees pathetic white heaps that used to be fat healthy sheep. There was no grass to be seen, just bare hard ground. I went to a C.A.A. meeting today. The conversation regarding the future of the farming community was not very encouraging.

// Joan talks of Arthur C Clarke and solar yachts, ending that section with a heartfelt plea for copies of his PRELUDE TO SPACE and DOLPHIN ISLAND. //

Marc, would you like to see Australia minus an Army-Navy- Airforce???

// My answer there is yes, providing no one else had one either. Unfortunately, since that is never likely to happen then I will acknowledge our need for Armed forces. However my point still holds. I see no purpose in conscription. Above all, I see no purpose in a conscripted army fighting overseas. Like I said last issue, I don't want to fight anyone. As far as I'm concerned Eric summed up the case beautifully in the previous letter. //

I'm not sure how to take John Bangsund's comments re Paul being in the navy away from me!!!!!!!

1st. He joined under his own steam. I do not tell my children what they must do. I give my opinion but it is usually ignored.

2nd. As for him being corrupted by "Hum's sf and fanzines" it's an old and crumby saying, but "Out of the frying pan into the fire" covers the situation perfectly. Paul is at sea right now. They have a library on ship, and his shipmates usually bring paperbacks on board and they swap around. Of course there are the usual books on girls-sex etc but sf is avidly read.

Ygor Rega ... 342 Parkly St Ararat Vict. 3377 ... Undated

I enjoyed the coloured pages a lot. Some of the value was taken away by those terrible black blotches..... I'd rather drink ditto than mimeo any day..... leave something like that to Styles and he's sure to fuck....humanoids of all types, including the Vegan frog types.... but no cats.

// Speaks for itself don't it?//

John Rowley 14 Lowalke Drive Epping Vict 3076 13/8/76

I liked your allegory article on Lyndham, but surely you could have extended it : for example, THE STRAIGHT JAKES surely symbolises the "dark" things man keeps hidden in the depths of his mind, only to find them surfacing in the form of mental disturbances. CHOCKY especially in this respect, as it shows that just being schitzophrenic is not enough to prove mental imbalance, disturbance or otherwise undesirable characteristics. Indeed, the dual mentality may aid a necessary balance as shown by Mathew's feelings when Chocky leaves; his sense of loss rather than relief.

I can't escape the feeling that there are allusions in your poetry which escape me : the sad result of reading naught but sf.

// I dunno. These uni students can't even spell proper. But you're right. There are illusions in my poetry: mainly illusions designed to convince people that I've achieved functional literacy.//

You were joking weren't you? // about Dick's DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRONIC SHEEP// No.... I guess not because you make a nasty reference to Dick in your fiction. Next you'll be saying you don't like Thomas Disch or John Sladek either.

// Well, now that you come to mention it, I'm not that taken by what I've read of Disch which I'll admit isn't much. In most cases though I really like Sladek. He's got a much better sense of humour than the other two hacks.//

Assuming that the attitude expressed toward fordograph in your KORE J KID RIDE: AGAIN is an accurate representation of your own views, why are you so eager to get Crum?

// Well it's just that the paper is so much smoother than mimeo paper and I'm willing to sacrifice absorbancy for comfort.//

One last thing ; THE LATER KILLO SONG was quite sexist wasn't it.

// Mmmm that's another person to whom I owe a copy of THE LADDER HERCULES if I can ever get the lazy bastard to finish writing them. John also enclosed a copy of the LUSFA AT SOUTHER. It mentions that they have a budget for a fanzine. That's one of them? I prefer mimeo myself.//

PAUL ANDERSON . 21 Mulga Rd Hawthorndene S.Aust. 5051 Undated

// Paul presented me with a loc covering EDIs 1 through to 5, omitting only 3. Since it is not my policy to print vast backlogs of locs except in the case of people with names like Bob Tucker and Mike Glicksohn and Harry Jarner Jr. I'll just print the bits referring to EDI5.//

You may not be after a "fucking Ditmar" but then who wants a Ditmar that indulges in such deviant practices? // Fucking is deviant...?// The issue is now up to Ditmar standard if one excludes one zine from the field, that zine being a Hugo nominee of long standing. //Yeah. The problem is that Bruce is back in the running this year.//

Our military force will not matter in the slightest when the war comes in the early 1990s.

~~~~~  
FOR NO REASON I E-FO-REVER I THOUGHT THAT THIS NIGHT OF A NICE PLACE TO BEHOLD THE PAGE TIME THE OLD RIVER STUPORS REBELS IN '83 AND SYDNEY COVE IN '82. WHO KNOWS, I MIGHT EVEN DECIDE TO SUPPORT RATCO IN '02.

Chas Jensen Flat 2 113 Osmend Tce Norwood S.Aust 5067 17/8/76

Have just reread the Theatrical Potential of S.F. and have a few things to say about a couple of misconceptions in the article and, as usual, a few opinions of my own. A technical examination will show you that TV and film props, if not actually the real thing, must be as close as possible to it. Several kilowatts of lighting and a high speed, high definition film will show a wooden sword as a wooden sword painted silver. The exact same sword could be Excalibur when seen once on stage and no one but the actors and crew would be able to tell. Films put absolutely everything on screen under very close scrutiny and so The Creature from the Black Lagoon remains a man in a wetsuit with gills and Godzilla is obviously a rubber model in a small scale city. (Nothing breaks up the way bricks and steel really should.)

//As far as stage goes// That the hell is a fly gallery for? Why have a revolve built into your stage? All manner of things are possible with a little imagination and a lot of work. Dorothy Moore in JUPITER "sits in a crescent moon ten feet off stage" for her final number. BLUE BOB landed its own spaceship on the Union Hall stage. IDEMS EO created an eighteen foot monster on the back wall using projections and backlighting. There is much that can be done.

Vast boring monologues are very definitely out, but not so the depiction of vast social change. Your reason for this being difficult is that theatre is about individual characters and cannot fully depict vast or even minor social changes because of its concentration on the individual. Personally I find the argument very weak. All art is about individuals and all individuals are products of society (bugger it) that is CORIOLANUS concerned with if it is not about change? The same could be said for MACBETH, LEAS AND THE MAN and PARISHEN. The point is that societal change is shown through the individual and his actions, internal conflicts etc. FLOERS, that much publicised show, (it's all free folks) was very much about an individual reaction to an unacceptable social attitude.

// Now, this is getting heavy. I'd better butt in just to get this zine back down to its proper level. Sure individual characters can show changes in society, but when sf goes about changing society, it normally does it on a grand scale. Also, much of sf is still adventure lit which switches scenes faster than you can blink. Staging this sort of thing is impossible with the most sophisticated of scenery. SF not involving such things would probably make reasonable "story" theatre but story theatre is done so much better on T.V.//

So it's definitely not true to say that sf has no theatre potential. By extension, one could say that fantasy did not have good theatrical potential. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM would be enough to prove the opposite case // Personally, I think THE TEMPEST is a better example.// were it not for the fact that



Dunsany, one of the all time great fantasy writers, was the author of some thirty plays which were produced during the Irish/Gaelic revival, in the New Abbey Theatre, working with Symge and Yeats.

The key word is potential. Bradbury is a poet and master of the short story. Having read the WONDERFUL JOURNALS SUIT, I thought of an old Marx Brothers movie and found it unoriginal: Bradbury is a lousy playwright and Ionesco was brilliant.  
1+1=2.

Potential: there lies what no one has yet said. Sf has not produced anyone who knows how to write for the theatre. (Rock opera; yes. There was one in Chicago two years ago.) I will not say for that reason that sf will not work on stage, merely that it hasn't so far. Theatre as an art is two and a half thousand years old and sf is barely fifty so there is plenty of time yet. But that doesn't mean we can sit on our arses and wait. It won't happen then.

// Just before everyone else dives in, I didn't and wouldn't say that fantasy has no potential as a theatrical genre. Indeed, the broad nature of fantasy makes it ideal theatrical material. The problem with sf theatre so far is that people have been trying to transfer book sf onto stage. This does not work, just as making POTER into a stage show wouldn't work. What is needed is someone who will take sf concepts and totally remodel them for the stage. It is distinctly possible that there are already some quite famous sf plays. It's just that, because we judge sf by written book standards, we don't recognise them as sf.  
/// for those who recognise this argument, it has indeed been bastardised from Baxter's book on sf cinema/////

Andrew Brown 23 Miller Cres. Mount Waverley Vic 3149 31/8/76

Here's my blow to blow commentary on Ldrs 485. THE CAT IN SF. I used to have a cat. It disappeared. I can think of two other authors who are less than reverent towards cats, Harlan Ellison ("A Boy and His Dog") and Doris Piserchia ("Star Rider"). On the other hand, the character Jeannine in Joanna Russ's THE FEMALE MAN has a cat (named Mr Prosty of all things) Pretty cosmic huh? I cannot agree with you that cats are "the closest things we have to a readily accessible alien intelligence". What about dolphins? While it's true that you're not likely to meet many people with pet dolphins, dolphins are much more intelligent than cats. The Dolphin in Science Fiction? Check out DOLPHIN ISLAND by Arthur C Clarke (a juvenile I'll admit) and Robert Silverberg's ISLAND IN LOVE (F&SF July 1970)

// Well damnee. Did Silverberg write that. I must make a nautical note not to make so many rude comments about him. I really enjoyed it. As for the Dolphin in sf, you'd better believe it. And after that it'll be the ARMADILLO in sf and the WOMBAT in sf and the sea otter in sf and the lemming in sf and the four toed sloth in sf and the enchilada in sf and the bunyip in sf and the amoeba in sf and the slime mould in sf and the Venus flytrap in sf and the manitou in sf and the walrus in sf and the tiger in sf

THE FOREVER WAR - I liked everything about that book except the happy ending. It seemed a bit contrived to me. Trite in fact. // Didn't stop it from getting a Hugo though did it?// I wonder why it is that people who don't like the mainstream of Philip K. Dick's work always seem to like THIS ONE. THE HIGH CASTLE.

// Law of averages. He couldn't write all crud. Eventually he had to produce something readable..

Since Paul Anderson wrote his letter Galaxy has started serialising the fourth Amber novel THE LORD OF DOLDRON.

A. Bertram Chandler Flat 23, Kanimbla Hall, 19 Tusculum St. Potts Point, N.S.W. 2011. 12/8/76.

I note that Spang Blah has made mention of the forthcoming AussieCon reunion party at the MidAmeriCon. There was almost one at the recent IdestCon in Cincinnati. The toastmaster, Bob Tucker, had a lot of fun introducing "the distinguished refugees from Lexpo...."

The Incredible Shrinking Exposition (as I called it) - or the Fiasco (as Forrie Ackerman called it) - lured a lot of people to New York, some of whom could not be warned off in time. And some of those - David Kyle, Ted Tubb and Leslie Flood from the U.K., Robin Johnson and myself from these here parts - decided to take in the Delaxicon in lieu of the Big Event.

It was really good and so was the WesterCon (at which I met quite a few people who'd been at AussieCon) in Los Angeles.

I've only one real whinge about my American trip: I was so busy meeting people that there was very little opportunity for sight seeing. However, Jack Vance and his delightful family were very good hosts in San Francisco and we did all the touristy things such as riding on the cable car, visiting Alcatraz Island, making a journey on MART etc. I quite agree with Debbie and Brian regarding SF as a beautiful city, and BART's a beautiful urban rail system when the computers aren't fouling it up....

Back to the WesterCon - I was pleased to see Marion Zimmer Bradley at this year's WESTER CON. I was handed out by Bob Silverberg - as mine was last year. He made the crack that I had come all the way from Australia to refuse it a second time....

Back to Australian Cons - I decided, with some reluctance that I shouldn't be able to make ArafCon. Just as well, as it's turned out. Got a phone call this arvo and for the third time since I retired I'm back on the Company's payroll. Oh well, the last novel I sold - ST. JOURNALS, upcoming from both DAW and Robert Hale - was written the last time I was back in harness..

Since my return to Sydney I've found it hard, for various reasons, to get my nose down to the grindstone. I did, however, a couple of days ago, wallop out a long short story for George Scithers, who is the Editor of the new Isaac Asimov Science

fiction magazine. The title: CHIMES AT NIGHT. Oh well, Hornblower had his chances to change history - see JOE BLOOMER in THE NEW YORK TIMES (the on-profit Press of Tacoma, Washington, 1976) and muffed them. If he could and did, Chimes (descended from Hornblower on the maternal side) could and did.

I note that Brian and Ebbie, whilst in the U.S.A. saw THE MAX BAU THE TO BIRTH. I could have done (but after their adverse write-up shan't even bother to see it here) but, in the very little free time that I had, opted for a double feature: JOE BLOOMER and THE NEW YORK TIMES. THE TO BIRTH is grade A fantasy. JOE BLOOMER is amateurish crap, so bad that it could have been made by Andy Warhol. Good fantasy is logical. A clitoris located in the general neighbourhood of the tonsils just ain't logical. // Besides which it would make eating so much fun that Linda would be an elite stone dumpling. // Furthermore, in Spelvin can act. Miss Lovelace is just a dirty little girl tryin' to shock people. THE TO BIRTH I would pay to see again. JOE BLOOMER I'd have to be paid, handsomely to see again.

Whilst on the topic of entertainment - U.S. T.V. stinks. Thank God for the N.B.C. (Our N.B.C. that is) and the A.B.C. as long as we have the N.B.C., the commercial networks are obliged to maintain certain standards. Once the advertisers (a gaudy fungus on the carcass of a rotting civilization ((George Orwell said it, or somethin' like it))) have free slather, every sacred cow imaginable struts across the little screen and can not, repeat not, be used as a target. American T.V. dare not be unkind to the oil companies (they have no THOUGHTS TO THEMSELVES), to the armed forces (where is their equivalent to THE SHIP) or to the police (Barlow, Watts, in don, ard, where are you?)

An example of the American attitude towards sacred cows was in today's Australian - Mr. O'Neill getting into trouble for making fun of Mickey Mouse....The mind boggles. A mouse - a male at that - as a sacred cow....

I still regret - but there were too many witnesses - not havin' pissed on Shirley Temple's autograph scrawled in concrete outside Graumann's (Low Ann's) Chinese theatre in Hollywood.... Adolphe Benjou is another pet hate of very long standing.

// Humann. That's the problem with these writers. They've got no respect for culture.//

INVISIBLE BY FUMING NUMBER ONE

JAMES STYLES 342 Barkly St. Ararat Vic 3377 21/8/76

Marc Ortlieb is a co mie-fascist radical underground sex fiend who hopes to create a new society by blinding us poor Australians with his pinko-mimeo reproduction filled with philosophical scintillations that only a constipated Joanna could unravel.

// My thank you. That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. I'd like to correct a few of your misstatements though. (1) My repro isn't pinko, that is at my stencils are. (2) I'm just as fond of above ground sex as I am of underground sex.//

(Ortlieb if you dare censor this, I'll.....)

Didn't see you at UniCon either.... Pay you back by missing Eofcon.

MA5 structure like an Ert trunking an elf.//uh// The coloured pages were a bit of improvement.... now all you need to do is to get rid of the mimeo and go to ordograph or offset. // What do you think of the cover huh //

//James is going right out of his way to make sure I don't print much of his loc. The next thing he does is call Boba and his music. Now I'll grant you that McCartney produces a hummable tune every now and then but Boba the final cut blow was when he admitted to lying and playing football. As a final body blow (Oh God Styles is starting to effect my style) he writes Lyndon off as "too English". If that convict descended wombat bred little Fordographer thinks he can get away with a slur on the greatest country in the world he's got another think coming. Oh and just one other point Mr. Styles.... I do not indulge in alcoholic beverages.////

#### ALSO RECEIVED

Two letters from Stephen Bates 114 The Boulevard, Essendon Vic 3040. One with the poem printed on page nine and another mentioning another new fanzine on its way (the woods are full of them)

A letter from John Alderson Havelock Vic 3465 enclosing his article on Shepherds and explaining the article which he originally submitted to me but which I sent back. (I couldn't understand it. It contained complex mathematical operations like multiplication and division.)

NOT RECEIVED I won't embarrass all of those who didn't quite get round to it. Besides which, there isn't enough paper out in the garage to complete the entire list.

\*\*\*\*\*

This was The Mad Dan Review 6. An ad hoc prindiv publication for Marc Ortlieb whose addresses may be found on the Contents Page. See you next issue if it ever comes out.



# THE OUTGRIEING

## A CARROLLIAN POSTSCRIPT

ALICIAN FIELDS evidently reached England because recently I received a letter from The Lewis Carroll Society asking for details. In return I sent them a letter asking for details. As it turns out, Membership of The Lewis Carroll Society costs \$4 per year, and £1 per year for students. The address is Brian Sibley, 55 Heath Cottages, Chislehurst Common, Chislehurst Kent, U.K. They publish a newsletter called The Wandersnatch and a journal, Jabberwocky. Their membership looks like a Who's Who in Carrollian Criticism.

**THE WANDERSNATCH** Brian Sibley, address above. 8pp A4 offset. Available to members of the Lewis Carroll Society.

Lots of snippets of news of Societies, book releases and T.V. mentions of Carroll.  
Bradbury discussion of the beauty of Oz as opposed to the evil in Alice.

Alician Fields 2 is on its way but unless I get a bit more to print in it, it will probably come out as another "large double" with #7. The only definite contents are an article of the influence of Lewis Carroll's works on sf and an article looking at the availability of Carrollian material in Delia. (Andrew Brown has a poem almost finished which is evidently a little depraved, but what I've seen of it looks good so I might just include it.)

\*\*\*\*\*

## JUSTIFICATION PAGE 1A

Well damnee that's the first time the contents page has forced my editorial to move to the back page. Still, as you can see, by my standards, this edition is a monster. Indeed, there have been times in the preparation of 11.6 when I've felt myself in the same position as poor Doctor Frankenstein. Since I seldom hold to any of my editorial resolutions I won't promise that this will be the biggest ~~that~~ I'll ever produce, but for the sake of my sanity I certainly hope it is.

I suppose I'd better explain the dual addresses on the Contents Page. Recently moved into a whole house here at Morphetts Vale. Believe me, the luxury is incredible. I've got a big oil heater in the lounge, an airconditioner in the kitchen, a spare room to use as a study and a garage for the Roneo. The place is, however, as are all my houses, rented which means I have a finite stay here. Obtaining is more annoying than loosing nice overseas fanzines because they were posted before I got a chance to inform people of my move. Therefore, I'm keeping my parent's place in Elizabeth as my address for all overseas mail local mail can reach me there too, but it will get to me faster if you post it direct to Morphetts Vale. (For those of you who don't know South Australia, Morphetts Vale is thirty odd miles from Elizabeth and there's a bloody great city called Adelaide immediately between the two.)

I must apologise to John Pearson and Stephen Bates. Your material reached me whilst I was suffering the strange delusion that I was an editor or something. Any other would be contributors are warned that I do occasionally rewrite things to my specifications. I'll let you see the revised copy before it gets printed.

I hope the covers and cartoons come out. I'm using the school's offset printer for the first time this issue. Fortunately we have an extremely experienced printer who runs it. If I remember rightly the press is a Lithograph 1250. Just thought you might like to know.

If I get myself organised, I might just take it to Q-Con III so I might see a few of you there.

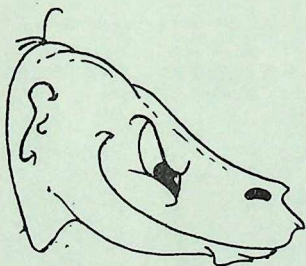
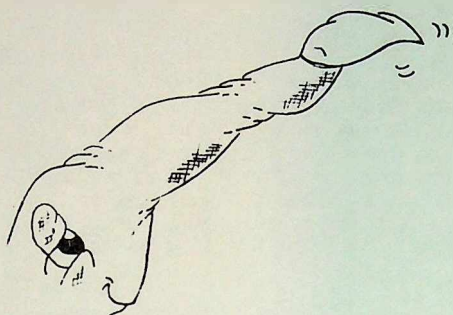
Yours sciencefrictionally

*Marc*

THANX RALPH

adcor prindiv





WHAT A NICE  
BACK COVER.  
(HARDLY SUITS THE  
CONTENTS DOES IT?)

